



## Revolve Around You: Photos from the Streets

by Saffron Swansborough

I shoot what you see:

Pier on the tip of a planet

Vats in laundromats swirling linen

Fields with desire paths braided by cornrows

Bits of loosened brick, like a donkey's dental filling

Sandy grains as stars under baby crescent toenails

Rain on windscreens, smudging the street,

A wiper mid-karate chop

Net curtains peppered in gunmetal spray

I share what you see:

You find me between the Van Goghs and utility adverts

While in your pocket, your bag, your palm

Between your fingers, beneath your thumb

Inside a book you are not really reading

By your bed, in your car, on top of a hill,

On the kitchen worktop while you cook

In your shed, up your stairs,

Perched between your thighs on the toilet.  
I'm running with you to work, on the track,  
We traipse through your desert,  
And shelter together from a deluge in a bus stop  
I sit with you in the supermarket car park  
You cradle me in waiting rooms  
We're developing something.

I see what you like and I like that you like it  
You follow me from everywhere  
Arizona to Montreal,  
Newcastle to Zagreb  
And if you disappear  
I worry that you're dead,  
Trying to recall your name  
To send you a real life message  
But I can't. And when I go quiet  
You don't notice.  
The thin veneer of friendship.

Here is the revolving exhibition  
Free at the point of entry  
This is a crowd not based on footfall  
But support and in numbers.  
How it feels to be followed is this:  
If you see my pictures  
Then they really exist.